

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

The Orchidaceous Artist Making 8th American Tour

One of the most remarkable women who has ever adopted the stage as a profession—Madame Sarah Bernhardt—is now making her eighth tour through the United States. She first came over in 1877. So, though as years go, Bernhardt is now an old woman, she still, it is said, has the grace of movement which distinguished her younger days, and won for her triumphs such as few women have enjoyed in Europe and America.

In the fire of her eyes and the music of her voice, in her entire removal from whatever is ordinary or commonplace, the actress has attained to unusual distinctiveness in the minds of American women who have seen her. She appeared in Richmond at the old theatre on Broad Street, where the Globe clothing house is now located, on the evenings of January 18 and 19, in the year 1892, her performances at that time being witnessed by audiences that included the most intelligent and cultured people in Richmond and Virginia. She was then, it was supposed, nearing the limit of the working period for members of her sex. Now, eighteen years farther along the road, critics declare there is no perceptible abatement in the powers of one of the greatest actresses of her day, who can still maintain her poise in the roles she undertakes.

Bernhardt has for years preferred to play male parts on the stage. Those who have seen her in "L'Aiglon" consider that her genius reached its highest expression in her portrayal of the unhappy and unfortunate son of Napoleon Bonaparte. The director of "L'Aiglon" was asked why she inclined to reproduce the characters of men rather than those of women, and she answered that men, being broader in their opportunities and outlook, with a greater diversity of interests and aims, she was glad to turn to them from an eternal harping on the themes of love, maternity and sorrow, the phases that principally go into the make-up of the existence of women. When these emotions in a woman's career have been exhausted there was nothing else for her to dwell upon or to develop. With men all this was different.

Women who go to see Bernhardt during her present tour will find her dramatic repertoire enriched without her art being dominated by decadence, by realism, by the classic or emotional schools. She has absorbed what she needed from them one and all, but has run the gamut without rendering subservience of herself to any. The London Academy comments on her thus: "A posthumous child of the Italian renaissance, she combines inexhaustible energy and unrivaled strength of character with a most exquisite artistic talent—a talent which she can direct into all the branches of the art. It is not of genius still echoes in her accents as of old, her interpretations gain through never ceasing development of her intelligence."

Like all geniuses, Bernhardt has her whims and eccentricities. As she is a genius, they are permitted her. At heart she is said to be extremely kind and charitable. As an example of devotion to the profession she has chosen, she demonstrates beyond cavil to other women how success is reached and held in hand.

THE LATELY CROWNED KING OF SIAM

Siam is so remote a country in point of distance and connecting interests with America that comparatively few women realize the accession there of a new king, Chulalongkorn Rajavidyalok, who rules over millions of the people of Asia, as the only independent remaining sovereign of a purely Buddhist land.

In personal appearance his Siamese majesty is less imposing than his name, he being, as his pictures show, rather chubby than otherwise in stature, olive as to complexion and possessed of a pair of eyes that indicate an artistic temperament. His English education and training have developed his characteristics as being those belonging to an artist by nature. The outline of his life up to this time reads more like that of the heir of some English peerage than of a royal follower of Buddha in the Orient.

Not even the ruler of Japan is invested with a title more glorious than that borne by the King of Siam, and he is safeguarded from the forfeiture of his divine attributes, and from humiliations like those recently inflicted upon the Dalai Lama of Tibet. His sovereignty over the valley of the Menam is territorial, but it is also spiritual, in the sanctions it possesses for the pious.

One designation alone, in the excessively long official titles of the young sovereign is "Most divine master of immortal soul." To the faithful believers among his people he is also "sovereign god of the nine kinds of gods," who is to be crowned with a hundred and one golden diadems.

MAGIC MUSIC AND ITS PLAYERS

Each player is requested to close his eyes for a moment, and a card, with the name of some familiar tune written on it, is pinned to his back. The object is to see who will be the first to guess the melody he bears, and for the first three correct guesses prizes are awarded.

The only guide that the player possesses as to his own tune is the fact that others hum it as he approaches. The hostess keeps a tablet on which each player is invited to register his name and that of the composition in question as soon as he has discovered the latter. Each guess is numbered as it is written down, but whether or not he has been successful is not divulged to any player until all have registered their guesses, as this would destroy the excitement of the game for the rest.

Any player is allowed to change his vote if he feels he has made a mistake, in which case the second guess is registered in a later place and the first one erased. The first guess, even if the correct one, no longer counts as an answer.

Fashion Notes.
Persian silks, in combination with other materials, are very noticeable in all the newer models. It was quite late in the season before the Persian patterns were generally adopted, but now that they have won their way we may expect to see them in everything from the daintiest chiffons to the ordinary grades of silk and satin.
A new black satin has been brought out in forty-two and forty-four-inch widths. It makes up well, and is much used for wraps at present, with a promise of appearing in the tailor-made suit later on.



LE BON TON AND LE MONITEUR DE LA MODE UNITED.

Good Health Resolutions

Doctor Jean Williams, following out the New Year idea, has drawn up some good health resolutions in the Woman's Home Companion for January. Women, young and old, rich and poor, might read these resolutions with profit. These are they:

"Resolution No. 1—I will try to become more intelligent concerning my body, looking with greater respect upon my physical resources and trying to realize more fully that upon them the force and success of my life largely depend."

"Resolution No. 2—I will arrange, if possible, to supply sufficient pure air for every breath I take, thus better to combat every source of disease that might attack me, to improve my chance for long life and to increase my efficiency."

"Resolution No. 3—I will be kinder to my digestive organs, avoiding all excess and not asking them to struggle with food for which they have repeatedly shown antagonism."

"Resolution No. 4—I will treat my brain and nervous system with greater consideration, and fifty-six hours of each week shall be devoted to sleep."

"Resolution No. 5—I will try to do in eight hours as much hard work as I should do in one day."

"Resolution No. 6—I will devote at least two of the twenty-four hours to such exercise as I find most beneficial."

"Resolution No. 7—I will give my moral support to every effort, public or private, in behalf of the betterment of health conditions, so becoming a small factor in the great movement for moral and physical uplift."

Her Dearest Friend and Dearest Foe

Nearly all young women have an especial friend to whom they vow unending loyalty, in whom they profess to have unlimited faith, from whom they expect the fulfillment of their ideals as to truth, honor, unselfishness and fidelity.

Then on some fine day comes an experience that doesn't fit in with preconceived ideas. Failure in essential respects causes deep and sorrowful disappointment as to the structure of friendship that seemed so fair and so secure, and yet has crumbled at a breath into ruins.

A young woman to whom such a disappointment is in reality an educational experience may feel her world slipping from beneath her feet for a time. But if she is a normal, healthy-minded individual she will recover her poise, confront her emotional cataclysm and by patient investigation, find out what caused it.

As soon as she devotes serious thought to the matter she is conscious that a feeling of security and of carelessness on her part has caused her to consider friendship, which is always a finished and established institution, she finds herself in the state of the creditor who has mistaken a promissory note for money paid and in hand.

The young woman passes in review before her mental vision the qualities and requirements that go into the

composition of every real and genuine friendship, with loyalty topping them all, and asks herself the question if any one of these elements is a fixed and unwavering quantity. A loyal act of yesterday may not be the loyal act of to-day, and what was unselfish in the past may serve the purpose of selfishness in the present.

And so by degree, here a little and there a little, the young woman comes at last to perceive that friendship is not a luxury of life, like costly apparel and fine houses and other things that can be bought and paid for with money.

Can Cancer Be Cured? It Can.

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Love of Criticism.
There is a perversity about human nature that resents the training which it really desires. The average worker does not care to be criticized. Are you like this, girls and women who read these words? Do you resent having the way shown? Are you so sure of yourselves that you consider your critics unjust when they offer suggestions regarding methods of work? I know so many people who have failed because of this trait of self-sufficiency that I dread to see it in those who are just starting out in the business world.

I remember the remarks of a delightful professor of English who had charge of a class of writers, of which I was a member. One of the members of the class had resented a sharp criticism of his work, and the professor said, smiling: "What are you here for? To be patted on the back or to learn?"

It is pleasant to have our work praised, and just criticism is enough to dampen the enthusiasm of any honest worker, but just criticism is "good for the soul." To take it in the right spirit, to seize every chance of improvement which comes our way, is the surest means of finding one's way to the top of the ladder of one's ambition.

The Punctual Girl

The punctual girl is always a thoughtful girl. She is the girl who does not delay in doing an errand; who never keeps the breakfast waiting while she repairs some forgotten damage to her clothes. No one is ever kept waiting while she sews a rip in her dress or a break in her glove. These things are all done in season. She never puts off doing a thing at the right time, because she has learned that when a thing has been attended to, and put away, there is no need to worry about that particular thing.

She is the girl who is at her desk on time if she is one of the great army of working girls. Her employer and her friends all know that she will be ready for business or pleasure at the appointed time.

This girl's nerves are in good order because she never has to hurry or worry to "catch up" some work that has been neglected at the proper time, and her life runs on smoothly and happily because no undone task or neglected appointment is worrying her. Character is not formed in a minute. This girl has been training herself for years to be punctual. She is ever ready for emergencies, for this habit of punctuality now touches her life in all its relations and she is making her influence felt in her own family, at least, for they must come to see the wonderful advantage of being always ready, always on time. The punctual girl, while she is earnest and womanly, has not lost any of her girlish charm. Her outlook is encouraging, new chances are constantly opening to her for advancement because it is known that she can be relied upon.

When a Woman Is in Danger of Playing a Coward's Part

All women have days of discouragement and moments when they would be glad to turn their backs on troubles and responsibilities. In such times of depression, when it is hard to look upward because the sense of failure and littleness is so borne in upon the consciousness, life seems of but little moment, and a woman is always in danger of playing the coward and of doing something that she might be ashamed of later. If she can only hold herself in check until the fit of depression has worn away, she will always have reason to know that she should never take an important step or make a radical change when discouraged.

The old saying that the darkest part of the night is that which comes just before the dawn is exemplified in the life of a woman. When the dark is deepest, the thing for them to do is simply to hold fast to their duty and push resolutely forward. The trouble may still remain, but the simple effort in the right direction brings a feeling of confidence and self-reliance that is a great help.

It makes a woman acquainted with the reserves of her nature, the forces that she can depend upon, that she will never fail to come to her rescue in her hour of need.

Otherwise a woman who plays the coward may shrink the responsibility in so doing that she is perfectly well able to assume, and that would be a genuine advancement in her career if she took it up. She really loves an opportunity for promotion because she hasn't the courage to measure up to it.

So when the temptation comes that would transform a woman into a coward, that would counsel her to show a clean pair of heels instead of standing her ground, she ought to take herself severely in hand and say she is going to do the thing she ought to, no matter how hard and disagreeable it may seem.

My Garden.

The flower that follows the sun does so even in cloudy days.—Leighton.

In everybody's garden you'll find a red rose tree,
With crimson blossoms on it, and honey for the bee;
And in everybody's garden there's a little bush of hollyhocks,
I find one in my garden, and you will find one, too.

And on everybody's garden sometimes the rain must fall,
Or else the crimson roses will not blossom out at all;
And sometimes the sun is shining and the summer skies are blue;
But in everybody's garden there's the rose bush and the rue.

A Girl's Footwear.

A girl who wishes to look well groomed never should neglect her footwear. It is one of the first things a passerby notices, particularly if the girl in question possesses an attractive face.

So if you are wearing up-to-date headgear be careful that your feet display the same thoughtful attention. A shoe may be of the correct shape and it may fit well, but unless it is carefully attended to every time it is worn it is sure to present a more or less shabby appearance when it peeps out from beneath the folds of a pretty dress skirt.

Now it is not at all necessary to be constantly putting dressing upon a shoe to keep it looking well. One application every week or ten days is sufficient for shoes that are in constant wear; when alternated with another pair of even a longer interval may be allowed.

A yard of cheese cloth is a girl's best friend in more ways than one, and for a shoe polisher it has no equal. Hold the cheese cloth tightly in either hand and draw it briskly across a dusty shoe and it will look as if it had just received a coat of polish, unless the shoe has been too long neglected. One of the medicated black dust cloths that are being sold in all the stores now is an excellent polisher of footwear. Either of these is much better than a brush, besides being neater and more convenient. A brisk polish with one of these every morning, and on returning from a walk, will keep either black or tan shoes in good condition for a long time.

Then the shoe laces should be carefully looked after. Never allow them to get rusty or frayed. Tie them neatly, also. A hastily tied shoe always shows its neglect as soon as it peeps out from beneath the dress. It does not pay for a girl to be unmindful of these little details if she wishes to be a success either socially or in the home life.—Helen M. Richardson.

Every-Day Table Manners.

"Table manners in their simplest form are so taken for granted by well-bred people that at the first impulse it seems almost unnecessary to give instructions concerning details of behavior. But the offenses against convention we all see at times prove that every one does not know exactly what constitutes good conduct at meals."

"Is it needful at this stage of civilization to say that one should not eat with his knife? It ought to be, but I am afraid it is not. Those of us who are accustomed to eating only in our own homes or at the tables of our friends are prone to think that none but barbarians eat with their knives. A little foreign travel is likely to cure us of that notion. Not only foreigners whom we meet at hotels or in pensions shock our sensibilities by such offenses, but our own countrymen often show us examples of their skill in sword-swallowing exercises."

"Yet in no circumstance is eating with the knife anything but a crime against good manners. The knife is to cut with, the fork to be used in eating."

Good Manners Are Made Up of Petty Sacrifices.

"This was a dictum of Emerson's and it is well illustrated in table manners. Perhaps nowhere else do we see more examples of personal convenience being subordinated to consideration for the sensibilities of others. It is certainly easier and more convenient to eat a chop or a chicken wing by taking the bone in the hand and biting the meat from it than it is to cut the meat carefully in pieces of a suitable size and cut these to the mouth on the fork. In like manner it is a simple matter to lay your bread on the table, 'slather' the butter on it with your knife and then take mouthfuls from the whole slice than it is to break off and butter a bit of it at a time as you would the rest."

"Quiet eating might, it would seem, be taken for granted. Yet I know a family of charming girls who all eat noisily, apparently never thinking or never having been taught that one of the first essentials of table manners is to keep the lips closed while chewing."

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